A

POEM

INSCRIBED

To the Right Honourable

The Lord TULLAMOOR

OCCASIONED

By the late CHARITY.

DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Essex-*

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WHILE Thouſands, crowding wi
grateful Strife,
Bleſs the kind Hand that fed
Hopes of Life;
And feel, beneath your charitable Care,
Leſs fierce the Rigour of th' injurious Year;
No Wonder if the Muſe new Warmth inſpi
And kindles up afreſh the Poet's Fires!
To Poets ever was this Charge aſſign'd,
To watch the riſing Beauties of the Mind;
To ſnatch true Merit into Light; and raiſe
A gen'rous Envy by an honeſt Praiſe.
Praiſe is a Debt to Virtue:——and to You
The Muſe but pays, what all proclaim Your D

ſome far diſtant Age, or foreign Scene,
d Story tell, or Fancy ſeem to feign
princely Youth, with ev'ry Worth endu'd;
for Mankind; and form'd for doing Good;
does the Reader's Heart with Ardour glow!
what an honeſt Warmth his Spirits flow!
does he wiſh the glorious Name his own!
envy more his Virtue, than his Throne!

dead, or abſent, thus his Actions fire,
ev'n his Picture teaches to admire,
oſe we view'd him here! ſurvey'd his Form!
his good Works! and witneſs'd ev'ry Charm!
wou'd our Raptures riſe! this Light Divine
wou'd it ſtrike, when we beheld it ſhine!
we not ſpeak, my Lord? and, when the Day
s on our Heads, not bleſs the enliv'ning Ray?
nuſt we ſearch it in ſome other Sphere,
uſe You only won't believe, 'tis here?

My Lord, in ſpite of all your modeſt Arts,
ple will ſpeak the Secret of their Hearts;
l own (when Winter had benumb'd the Land,
Famine threaten'd each induſtrious Hand;
en Cold had ſtiffen'd each laborious Nerve;
Trade ſtood trembling, leſt her Sons ſhou'd
ſtarve;)

'Twas

'Twas You, that firſt with more extenſive Aim
Form'd for the Gen'ral Poor your pious Scheme;
Bounteous your ſelf; ſtill prone to cheriſh Worth,
You call'd the Charity of Thouſands forth;
And, unreſtrain'd by Place; ſent Pity round
To ſuccour Miſery, wherever found.

WITH joyful Haſte, to ev'ry Virtue dear,
MOUNTJOY, the Friend, and Partner of your Care,
Sprung to your Heart; and ſnatching thence a Beam
Of Fire celeſtial, burn'd with equal Flame.

THEN wak'd the ſocial Soul: and o'er the Plain
Fair Charity led forth her heav'nly Train:
The Eye, to ſearch out Woe; the Tongue to plead;
The Heart, to ſuccour; and the Hand, to aid.
Religion ſmil'd; ſoft Pity dropp'd a Tear;
Wealth clapp'd his Wings; and Prudence clos'd the
Rear:
Thaw'd by their Charms, pale Froſt unbound the
Land;
And Poverty withdrew his ſavage Hand.

INDULGENT Heav'n! with what a tender Care
Still doſt Thou ſmite! and ev'n in Judgment ſpare!
Urg'd by our Crimes thy Arm was lifted high:
Yet then, when Vengeance ſeem'd in Act to fly,
Wh

Just bolt already the red Bolt was hurl'd,
By Mercy stepp'd between, and sav'd our World;
Call'd up the Sons of Virtue; bade them plead
The Cause of Sinners;---and thy Wrath was stay'd!

And You, my Lord, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace
That best can further You in Virtue's Race;
Still keep your former Deeds before your Eyes;
Still, Step by Step, to full Perfection rise.
Your shining Parts, your Worth already known,
The World will ever challenge as their own,
And think, where Virtue has appear'd so bright,
The publick Blessing is a publick Right.
Virtue, like Gratitude, must ne'er give o'er,
Be still, the more it gives, it owes the more.

FINIS.

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